

A Mother Seeking her Son.

We have received a pathetic appeal from Mrs. B. Feary, of Tradelphia, Ohio County, West Virginia, entreating information with regard to a missing son. Sergt. Wm. G. Feary, of Battery D, 1st West Virginia Artillery, was made a prisoner by the Confederates, and taken to the hospital at Florence, on the 13th day of February, two days before the prisoners were removed for exchange. He was sick of fever; and, from this date, no information in respect to him has reached his mother. She is naturally in a most unhappy state of anxiety regarding his fate; and on her behalf, we make an appeal, through the columns of the *Phanix*, to any such person as may be able to furnish the desired information. The heart of every parent will second this appeal, and all persons of humanity, having the means to know and learn, are earnestly entreated to send us, or to Col. N. Haughton, Commander of the United States forces at this post, any trustworthy information that can be had in respect to the missing soldier. We should be pleased, in the meantime, to learn who was the surgeon in charge of the Confederate hospital at Florence during the period in question, and where he may be addressed. We shall be most happy, if possible, and through any agency, to relieve the anxieties of this hapless mother.

Important Decision.

The reader, of every class, will do well to note the following important decision, copied from the *Richmond Whig*, of May 26. The principle laid down will, as a matter of course, regulate all the relations of debtor and creditor, as well as those of landlord and tenant:

The Court yesterday delivered its written opinion in relation to contracts entered into between landlord and tenant on the basis of Confederate money. Rent due prior to April 1, 1865, and not paid, is to be paid in Federal currency, such a sum as the amount of rent in Confederate money would have purchased of gold at the time the payment was due. Thus, if the rent were \$1,500 per quarter, the sum to be now paid for the rent due March 31 is ascertained by dividing the \$1,500 by (say) 60, the selling rate of gold, equal to \$25 in greenbacks. From and after the 1st April, 1865, rent for the unexpired term is, for dwelling houses, fixed at the rates in 1860, and for stores and other places of public business an addition of 50 per cent.

Tomlin against Giles. This case was decided, so far as concerns the rent, in accordance with the principle above announced. The rent in 1860, as a dwelling house, was \$300. If used and rented then for a place of public business, as a portion of it now is, the rent would have probably been \$400. Add to this latter fifty per cent., and the rent is ascertained which the tenant shall pay.

THE PRESIDENT'S HEALTH.—The *Herald* states that the condition of President Johnson's health is such that he needs rest, good air and careful medical attendance to restore him to his wonted health and strength.

RELIEF FOR THE SOUTH.—The *New York Herald* calls on the Government and Northern business corporations and individuals to arrange ways and means for supplying the necessities of the Southern people.

A HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—A correspondent of the *Savannah Republican* states that three white planters, living above the Ashepoe Ferry, S. C., were murdered a short time since by some colored persons. The names of the unfortunate individuals were Doar, West and Richdale. They were living on a plantation owned by Wm. Lowndes.

In the proceedings of a late court martial, in the city of Charleston, Lieut. A. S. Brodine was tried and found guilty of expelling the negroes from Hibernian Hall, which had been engaged for a meeting of white citizens. The General commanding the department has withdrawn the reprimand to which the accused was sentenced by the court.

The thermometer, in a shaded situation, in Charleston, stood, on the 3d instant, at from 92½ to 96 degrees. On the 7th, it reached only 92½. This range was between the hours of 8½ to 6 p. m.

Gov. Brown retires from the Executive chair of Georgia in a long address to the people. He counsels obedience to the laws, subscription to the oath, and a general resignation to all that may happen.

It will be remembered that, in the abolition of slavery, the representation of the Southern States must be increased. The negro must now rank as an entire man, and not as the fifth of one only.

Upland cotton sold in Charleston, at auction, on Saturday last, at 31½ cents. A lot of damaged uplands sold at 12½.

Local Items.

We are indebted to Edwin J. Scott, Esq., for copies of the *New York Herald and Tribune*, of the 4th, and the *Richmond Times*, of the 6th.

NEWSPAPERS.—Our readers are advised that they will find a considerable variety of Northern newspapers at the nest of the *Phanix*. They are invited to examine them.

THE WEATHER.—Sunday was a painfully oppressive day. Night brought no relief. The moon seemed to shine out with fervor, making her way through thin masses of a snowy cloud drift. At half-past 10 p. m., we are told that there was a sudden lighting up of the heaven, as if by the dawn or by an aurora, which passed off in a few minutes, and was followed by low rumbling sounds, not unlike the imitation thunder at a theatre. But no earthquake followed here, of which we are advised. Between 1 and 2 in the morning, a shower of rain came down, lasted but a few minutes, and the sky cleared again. The shower was too dry to lay the dust, or cool of the earth the upper crust, and while we write, though the atmosphere is somewhat lighter, we still have the prospect of the continuance of dry hot weather. The failure of rain during the present week will be a severe blow to the prospects of the corn crop. Of cotton, we have no fears—so little has been planted.

P. S.—While we write, at 2½ p. m., Monday, we are enjoying a heavy and relieving shower, which promises to continue. The lightning flashes, the thunders roll, the incumbent atmosphere lifts sensibly, and we breathe with more freedom and a more grateful sentiment of life. Oh! the sovereign thunder! Oh! the seraphic lightning! Ye storm to purify—ye rage to bless. Would that all the powers that disturb our skies were as benevolent of mission as yours.

PIPING TO GOOD PURPOSE.—We were surprised, a day or two ago, by a nondescript looking packet, addressed to the editor, and accompanied by a sealed letter. The packet looked suspicious. It was of peculiar shape, though of small dimensions, and, recently excited by accounts of the various ingenious methods for blowing up, exterminating and in some way getting rid of Louis Napoleon, our imagination suggested that some wicked expert might be practicing in the same manner upon our most sacred personality. We proceeded to open the packet with all the precautions necessary in such cases. Borrowing a pair of pinchers from Mr. Micawber, designed especially for a time when something should be turning up, and a pair of tongs from Mrs. Caudle, when she had no use for them, her husband being from home, we contrived, without damage or casualty, with the aid of these implements, to make our way into the secrets of the mysterious packet. Great was our relief, and our satisfaction scarcely less so. We found the packet to contain, bound in leaves of rose, of vanilla and lavender, a goodly and well shaped briar root pipe, of the latest style of art and fashion. An anonymous letter contained the following very graceful *vers de société*, in which the writer shows himself capable of well playing on the pipes of Pan. In process of time, with frequent practice, he may take liberties with the flute of Apollo. We are very grateful to the donor for so happily conceiving a special want in our sanctum. We trust that he will never be pipeless, especially where his own voice is so musical. It is not for us to say, positively, from whom this tribute comes; but we greatly suspect a certain gentleman who, in these evil days, has contrived to blend several professions and vocations—who can give a legal opinion in the courts of *pic poudre*—the proper and only court left to us now a days—who can administer to a diseased *corpus*, and gratefully, with wholesome, comforts the most healthy one. In a word, *aut Diabolus aut Cohen*. And we trust we shall offend neither party by bringing them together in such close connection and in the same sentence. Whether Cohen or the devil, we are equally obliged to him. He is a gentleman under the circumstances, and we shall play upon his pipe, duly regarding its stops and points, with a perfect indifference as to the future uses of the smoke. We should not forget to acknowledge, along with the pipe, a packet of choice tobacco, of the famous Scarfaletti brand, which was one secret of the equivocal shape of the packet, which first excited our apprehensions. We write with the pipe in our mouth, and the pleasant smoke curling about our brows. We smoke in honor of the giver, whether he sends from Assembly street or Tophet. We wait him a cloud for either region, and trust that it will take the right direc-

tion. We know not that either party needs puff of ours; the devil has long since enjoyed the tributes of a thousand editors and poets; and, on the principle that good wine needs never a brush, so our young lawyer-medico merchant of Assembly street, giving opinions, feeling pulses, administering physic, and selling good wines, good ale, and good things generally, is almost independent of the editorial "well done." But we have kept our readers too long from the graceful verses which accompanied the packet. Here they are—excellently rhymed and pleasantly titillating in an epigrammatic fashion:

To the Editor of the *Columbia Phanix*:
"Will you play upon this pipe?"—*Hamlet to Guildenstern.*
To you, who've often piped a lay,
And blown a flattering puff,
I send a pipe—not made of clay,
Nor "petrifiable stuff."

Of stronger mould—yet type of man,
In this! that, once awake
To action, tho' sublime the plan,
His efforts end in smoke!

Not that I would accuse you now
Of laboring not enough;
Too long the laurels on your brow
Have flourished, (there's a puff.)

Give me another! and we'll blow
Life's bubbles all away,
Till choice tobaccos cease to grow,
And pipes no longer play!
COLUMBIA, S. C., July 8, 1865.

A great Family Literary Paper.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the *New York Weekly*, which will be found elsewhere. The paper named is, beyond question, one of the very best papers published. Its matter is entirely original; and consists of first-class STORIES, POEMS, SKETCHES, and varied departments; and while the stories selected for publication are invariably exciting and deeply interesting, they are at the same time free from that unhealthy excitement which generally marks the newspaper literature of the day, and full of sound morality. It will be seen by the advertisement that two new serials are just commenced, entitled "Owen the Convict, or the Heart's Devotion," and "The Cuban Heiress, or Old Hepsibah's Secret."

Notice! Notice!

JUST received and for sale, a fresh supply of COFFEE and SUGAR. At HARDY SOLOMON & CO.'S, Assembly street, West, below Plain. July 11 5

Farm Wanted.

I DESIRE to hire a healthy FARM with in three miles of Columbia. A dwelling and necessary out buildings for a small family required. A small place, with woodland attached and from 25 to 50 acres of planting land, preferred. Address in writing, stating terms, location and extent, W. H. W., care of A. L. Solomon, Commission Merchant, Plain street. July 11 tuth2

JUST RECEIVED,

THE LATEST STYLE BONNETS, RIBBONS, INFANTS' HATS, LACES AND FANCY COMBS. At MRS. S. A. SMITH'S, Taylor street, opposite Sidney Park. July 11 4*

BUGGY AND BRETT.

A LIGHT COVERED BUGGY, with four seats. ALSO, A handsome BRETT. For sale by July 11 1* WILLIAM SIMONS.

BACON.

300 LBS. PRIME BACON, just arrived and for sale by WILLIAM SIMONS, Bull street, above Blanding. July 11 1*

RICE.

PRIME RICE, by the pound or bushel, for sale by WILLIAM SIMONS. July 11 1*

MILCH COWS.

TWO MILCH COWS—one with a young calf—for sale by July 11 1* WILLIAM SIMONS.

For Orangeburg.

A four-horse WAGON and a two-horse COVERED WAGON will leave for Orangeburg TO-MORROW, Wednesday; for freight or passage apply to July 11 1* R. P. MAYRANT, Jr.

House for Rent.

A COTTAGE RESIDENCE of four rooms, exclusive of two kitchen rooms, situated in a retired street, near the Ladies' Seminary. There is a garden, in fine condition, attached to the premises, and an excellent well of water. Apply to the undersigned, Winn street, near Charlotte Depot. WM. SHEPHERD. July 11 1*

Brass and Copper Wanted.

H. SOLOMON & CO. still continue to purchase BRASS and COPPER. The highest market price will be paid. H. SOLOMON & CO., West side of Assembly street, July 6 Inc Below Plain.

Do not Buy, Of Wet or Dry, Until you Try

The Stock of ZEALY, SCOTT & BRUNS.

WHO bear modestly, but earnestly, to inform our few friends and many customers that we have bought, and are daily receiving, new stocks of

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES

AND Other Articles.

A few of which we announce as follows: Longcloths and Pavilion Gauzes, Gentlemen's and Ladies' Kerchiefs, Of the finest Linen Cambric; Pongee Handkerchiefs and Corsets, Tapes of Linen, Tapes of Cotton, Bareges of all the colors; Veils of glorious Grenadine; Calicoes of rainbow patterns; Cotton Spools and Sewing Needles, Figured Spencers, finest Muslin, And the loveliest of all Hoop Skirts. For the misses, maidens and mothers—All who cherish pleasant fancies Of cool walking this hot weather.

In the above, the reader will see that we have copied directly from "Fine as a Fiddle" a new poem by Longfellow; Written with a whitebone yardstick, Over a bottle, in a cellar, Where he grew both mum and mellow! Why should you buy, You ask, "Oh! why?" Because you can't help it—only try! Come and see!

Look at, try, and feel and fit, These Hats of Straw! These lovely Ladies' Hats of Straw, Ladies' lovely Hats of Straw; Misses' lovely Hats of Straw, Lovely Misses' Hats of Straw, White and black, And black and white,

The best to fit, the best for sight, And, gentlemen, don't you hang back, For here you see, for sharps and flats, We've got the finest fitting Hats—Hats of Brown Linen and Hats of Straw, Hats of Black, and Brown, and White, Felt as soft as a squirrel's paw, That yield at the very touch delight; An ounce, a very feather in weight, Because of their very smallness, great! "Non verrons," Sayeth Zealy, Scott & Brunel

Come and view, With your own eyes, Our cheap and new Varieties!

"In the name of the Prophet"—Figs! Sugar Crushed and Sugar Brown; Candles Tallow, Candles Sperm; Soap of Turpentine for Orson, Toilet Soap for Valentine; Raisins, Almonds, Nutmegs, Tea Cakes, Crackers, Cheeses, Tea and Coffee, Pepper Black, and English Mustard, And, to make the mass consistent, Add we starch unto the schedule!

"Starch!" "March!" Right through the ruins, fearless as martyrs, Money in pocket, down to headquarters—Assembly street! Ladies' Boots, Misses' Boots, Ladies' Gaiters and Children's Shoes.

We shall show To all we know, That, with Kerosene Oil and Lamps,

We have The very best Liquors in town! Champagne in quarts and pints, Champagne Cider, first quality; Claret and Port and Sherry fine, And the best Madeira Wine; Old Bourbon, too, With John Barleycorn, the boy in blue.

Read on below, And you shall know, How cheap and good our goods shall go! Toilet Powder, Combs and Brushes, Strings for Violin and Guitar, Collars full and fancy Neck-ties, Brushes British, Brushes Yankee, For the teeth as for the cranium.

By the way, Let us say, Never tell us, "No, you won't," Try the article so nice, Vulgarly, the dentrifice, Known to all the world as Zozodont!

Having adjusted your hair and purified your teeth and gums, We will and can, Sell you the choicest Palmetto Fan. Messrs. Zealy, Scott and Bruns, Who in full chorus, Beg to repeat their exhortatory anthem, Before you buy, Of wet or dry, Come and try The stock of Zealy, Scott and Bruns, Assembly street. July 11 4

AUCTION SALES.

By Durbee & Walter. THIS DAY, at 9½ o'clock, at our office, we will sell, 2 Horses, 3 Wagons, 6 mahogany hair-seat Chairs, What-Not, Lamps, Clothing and other articles to close consignment. July 11

Valuable Hogs and Pigs. **By Jacob Levin, Auctioneer.** THIS MORNING, I will sell, at the Guard House, (or Odd Fellow's School Room,) 1 large full breed young Sow, And a large Sow and 5 Pigs. July 11 1

Stallion, Heifer and Bull. **By Jacob Levin, Auctioneer.** THIS MORNING, immediately after sale of mules, I will offer, A fine dark bay STALLION, 6 years old, in good order. One Brahmin Heifer, young and handsome animal. One Black Bull. Sale positive. July 11

No. 1 Mules, Wagons, Harness, &c. **By Jacob Levin, Auctioneer.** THIS (Tuesday) MORNING, 11th inst., at 11 o'clock, I will sell, at Guard House, (or Odd Fellow's School Room,) without reserve, 16 fine young MULES, several covered WAGONS and HARNESS, belonging to the Kalmia Mills. Conditions cash, on delivery, in currency. July 11

MORGAN BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS 153 Meeting Street, Opposite Charleston Hotel, CHARLESTON, S. C.

JUST received, a full supply of DRUGS, CHEMICALS, GLASSWARE, DYE-STUFFS, PAINTS and LIQUORS of all kinds for medicinal purposes, &c., which we offer to the trade at lowest rates.

AGENTS FOR BRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS, STERLING'S AMBROSIA, PURE KEROSENE OIL, AND KEROSENE LAMPS. July 11 6

Everybody Should Read It! WE MEAN THE NEW YORK WEEKLY,

NOW READY, containing two charming, exciting, startling, thrilling Romances. The first, entitled

OWEN THE CONVICT, OR THE HEART'S DEVOTION,

is perhaps the GREATEST ROMANCE of modern times, not excepting the most popular of Dumas' works. It is the story of a youth pushed into exile by the force of circumstances, and of a pure, devoted, whole-souled woman, who refused to believe in his guilt, and nobly stood by him till the last. While it has all the touching pathos of the "Ticket-of-leave Man," it at the same time is brim full of the most extraordinary and soul-stirring adventures by land and sea. The hero gets out of one difficulty into another with a rapidity which is wonderful, and which shows the most unexampled ingenuity on the part of the highly-gifted author, who holds his readers as if spell bound from the opening to the close. Old romancers who have read the manuscript—men who have been familiar with story reading and story writing throughout their lives, have been so entranced with this truly wonderful story that they have found it impossible to lay it down till they had read to the very last line.

THE NEXT STORY IS ENTITLED This is from the pen of our highly gifted contributor, and is, beyond question, the finest thing she has thus far written. It is full of love and mystery, and possesses a charm which cannot fail to fascinate all who may read it.

OUR TERMS. The NEW YORK WEEKLY is sold by all News Agents in the United States. The price is six cents; but where agents have to pay extra freight, a higher price is charged. When there is a News Agent in the town, we desire our friends to get the NEW YORK WEEKLY through him. When sent by mail, single copies, \$3 per annum; four copies, 10; eight copies, 20. The party who send us \$20 for a club (of eight copies, all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy free. Postmasters and others who get up clubs, in their respective towns, can afterwards add single copies at \$2.50. Canada subscribers must send twenty cents, in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage. July 11 3